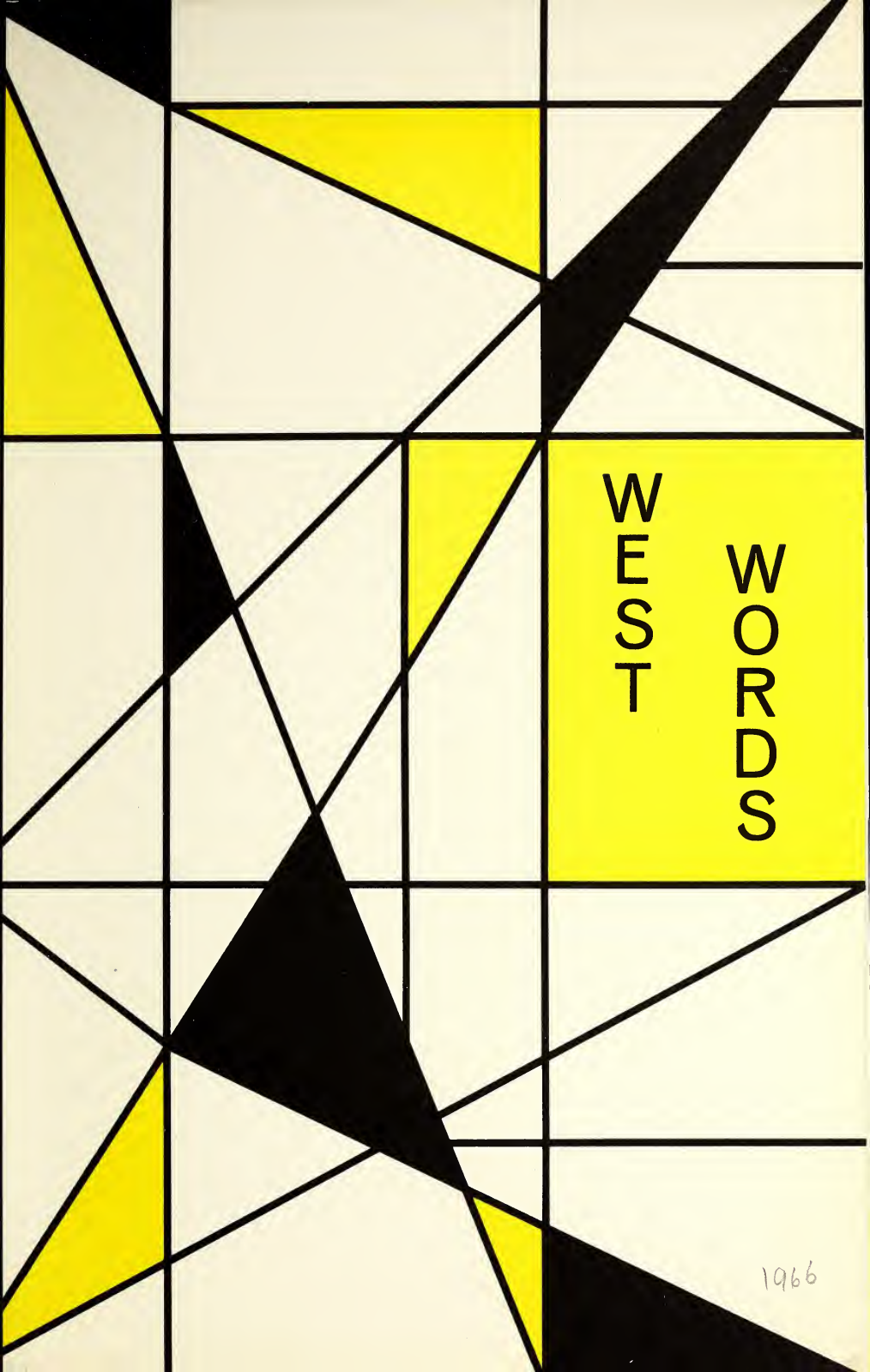
WEST WORDS
1966

Archives
MSMC

WESTWORDS

Volume 9 —— Number 4
October, 1966

Published quarterly
by the students of
Mount St. Mary's College,
Los Angeles, California

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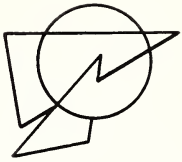

Editors' Note

Westwords says "hello" to another year and another world of many shapes and sizes---"hello" to a world that is circling and changing, full of "flaring squares and trapazoids" and art that's never still. It "ops" and "pops" and tricks your senses with whirling swirling lines and angles. Let's angle a beginning to see this world of geometry that surrounds us and needs us.
The circle sun is urging you.
Read on.

Linda and Linda

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A Canticle

Come with me from Lebanon,
my bride;
come with me from Lebanon
Song of Songs 4:8.

Arise, my love, my fair one. Come away.
Come far with me beyond the purple mist,
And with the stars alone shall lie our day.

The winter's past. The sullen rains will lay
Their tears no more. They flee the land, dismissed.
Arise, my love, my fair one. Come away.

Come down and touch the sea and shifting sway
Of sand where timeless swell and peace exist,
And with the stars alone shall lie our day.

Climb up from the shore and the silver bay.
Listen, my own, and hear the winds insist:
Arise, my love, my fair one. Come away.

Cross with me the mountain's crest. I'll not betray
The blue in your eyes. Come, do not resist,
And with the stars alone shall lie our day.

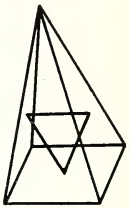
You are my rock, and I, your cedar, gay
With a fragrance warm, dark, and golden–kissed.
Arise, my love, my fair one. Come away,
And with the stars alone shall lie our day.

KITTY BEDNAR

The Web Once Woven

KATHY HAVERICK

The air was filled with lemons and melons—warm, round, yellow air. And she was swimming in the sweetness of it. Swimming above the trees was a drop of honey that was the sun. It was smiling through their feathered branches making the air glow green and yellow. She was smiling; sitting on the tender grasses, feeling the delicate moist spears through her white fingers and waving one slender arm at Jason, running. He grew from far across the meadow, running, bringing goldenrod. Yes, now he knelt beside her, and flooding her lap with flowers, he carefully plucked the three bone pins from her hair and began laughing as it came splashing down all the bright color of chestnuts once polished on children's sweaters. Gently, he pushed a lock aside and he kissed her smooth neck. She laughed up at the melon-sun—all of them were laughing.

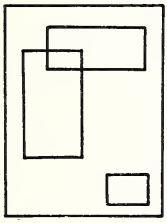


She stirred, it was the clinking of the bottles against their metal basket as the milkman shivered up the stairs to Mrs. Murphy's. Amy Price, her aching, angular body quiet, lay listening. Carefully, she turned over, and blinked into the grey bars of light slanting in from the front window. She lay very still, breathing in and out, feeling with every breath the coldness creep into her knees and back and shoulders, and dispel the warmth of the dream. When the milkman clattered downstairs again, now with empty bottles, she folded back her covers, and sighing a bit, swung her stiff legs out into the cold. She sat on the bed for a moment, still breathing slowly and staring at the blank-faced closet door. She'd have to dust the door sill before she left this morning. And she'd better remember to order fresh mushrooms for Mr. Morgan's steak tonight, and some more of those animal cookies for Jimmy, and greens: lots of romaine and some tomatoes. Must get to it. She pushed herself achingly up from the bed. Trembling slightly, she pulled her nightgown up over her head; then huddling over it, she shook it right side out and smoothed it into a neat square that she placed in the second bureau drawer.

Her breasts drooped against her spare, little body. Her skin sagged. Perhaps once it had been white satin—glowing smooth. But now it was crepe—much whiter, bleached thin—so thin her veins, even the shadows of her bones, showed through. It was all cross-stitched and delicate, and now ruffled with goose flesh. She groped toward the bathroom and

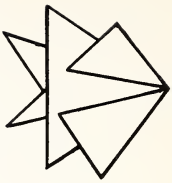
switched on the heater. In its orange glow she didn't look so wrinkled or so tired. She smiled at herself and turned on the whining tap. Dreaming about Jason always left her tireder than usual. It was nice to remember. She could see him now standing in the old doorway in a white summer suit—frowning, always angry, but tall and young. Just as she could see Victor, his bent fingers folded quietly in his lap, as he sat by the fire talking to her. But Victor had always warned—himself as much as her—you mustn't lie down in your dreams. Memories, fantasies—they're sweet wine, but you mustn't drown in them. She splashed water on herself and smeared the soap over her tissue-paper face, around her eyes, thinking of Victor. More splashing, then she scuffed herself with the towel and dusted her body with talcum.

The bedroom was lighter, still cold. Shivering, she slid the third drawer out and banged it back. The red print was fresh, but it hung a bit. She must have lost some more weight. She buttoned the six red chips one by one, and sat on the bed to straighten her stockings and roll each five times around its garter. Then she bent over the bed, tugged at the sheets, smoothed the coverlet, and patted it into a piece of furniture. She was tired again when she sat to unbraid her hair. The dream came back and for one breath it saddened her to see the long grey strands. But only for a breath. Twisting it up and stabbing it with pins, she made a neat grey knob on her head, and pinned a neat brown hat on top of it. Her apron went into a brown bag; her coat swung off its hanger. She'd dust tonight instead; she'd been too slow this morning. The door clicked behind her.



The air was nippy, but the sun was growing yellow, promising warmth perhaps later. Her black oxfords scrunched on the sidewalk in a slow, established rhythm. One northern breeze whistling up her sleeve caught in her shoulder joints. She winced. Passing under a scrawny, fenced tree, she heard some birds squabbling and paused to watch one sparrow flutter off indignantly. Victor would have laughed at that; he laughed more than anyone. By the fire those long evenings he would tell stories and say poetry. She sat primly on the first slat of the green bench moving her mouth around the words. "Now it is September and the web is woven. The web is woven and you have to wear it." She sat on the bench trembling in the sun. Salt started up in her mouth; stung the corners of her squinting eyes. Wiping her lenses, she laced her forehead in a frown against herself. Doddering old woman, Victor'd laugh at *you*. The bus charged to a halt with an elephantine squeal; she climbed through the fumes and, leaning on the rail, went up the metal stairs. Amy leaned back, her right hand grasping the seat for support. Sighing, she let her eyes close for a moment. The bus jiggled down Sunset. In the faraway sky the sun was a honeydew melon—light and round. Yes, the air was sweet melon juice—dripping off bushes, enticing flies, smelling like honeysuckle. They were on the porch—Victor in his chair, she on the swing. She pushed with her toe, and the swing creaked softly so they could pretend there was a wind. Then up from the dusty path, standing suddenly with one firm foot on the step, was Jason, scowling, in a fresh, white, summer suit, with the letter crumpled in his fist. Victor was as quiet as the sun. Fluttering, she stalled with a strand of shining hair, she smoothed up from her neck. Darkening her eyes, she looked up at him and started to answer him.

The bus jerked to a stop and she lurched forward. Alcott! She'd missed Crescent. Seat to seat she pulled herself to the door and climbed out. Standing on the sidewalk, she watched the bus pull away and tried to straighten her hat and her wits. She hadn't asked Mrs. Knox about her granddaughter. How silly of her to doze off that way. How strange. Wearily, she shifted her paper bag and her black purse, and headed down the block.



Mrs. Morgan was already up and annoyed when Amy unlocked the kitchen door. "Amy, Russ needs a *white* shirt this morning--there's an assembly or something. I've never known you to be late--and especially not this morning. Mr. Morgan has an early call, and if he doesn't have his poached...why, you don't look well at all! Have you got the flu? Jimmy'll have to stay away from you. And I have bridge today..." Amy clucked kindly as she unpinned her hat and hung it with her coat. As she tied on her apron, she herded Mrs. Morgan toward the stairs to peck the boys awake.

First, coffee. She ran the water into the percolator and measured the fragrant grains, then plugging it in, she fetched the eggs, frying pan and bacon. Scurrying from icebox to burners, she shook the dream-sadness out of her limbs. The clattering forks and popping grease cheered her. Pouring orange juice in the little glasses, she listened gratefully to the young Morgans come clamoring down the stairs. She would forget her own dusting tonight and go to bed early--a little extra sleep would keep the cold from collecting in her joints. She'd be fine tomorrow.

But by three, in the house's quiet, the wind was shrieking in her hollow bones. Sand clogged her veins and made her blood sluggish. There were heavy lumps of sand behind her eyes and around her joints. The vacuum cleaner sat on the stair landing. Russ could carry it down later. For a second she leaned against a door jamb, breathing slowly, wishing for evening. Better fix dinner. Down in the driveway a car door slammed, and Jimmy came spinning into the kitchen, flinging his papers and *The Little White House* down on the sideboard. "Look, Amy, I got a gold star! Hey, can I have some cookies?" She examined his papers and nodding, offered the china pig. Funny. Suddenly she thought of Victor. Jimmy chattered through crumbs and Amy stared at a half white potato, living a Tuesday eleven or so years gone. Salt pricked the corners of her eyes. She hadn't pitied her brother, nor had she cried when he died. His legs were shrunken things, carved maybe out of driftwood, or eucalyptus--some twisted, stiff material. She had bathed him, rubbing Ivory soap down his lumped back and over his silly, tiny feet. She had wheeled him out into the sun of the porch, and had stewed him rhubarb because he favored it, and she hadn't cried.

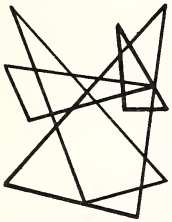
"Amy! You're not listening. Charlie Mack and me are going to start a club, and we'll need a club house. Would'ja let us use the basement? Huh, Amy?"

By hurrying everyone through dinner she caught the 5:45. Twilight. But she bounced along the boulevard unaware. The sand had dissolved; her blood and marrow had dried away. She was a papyrus paper doll and she swayed with every breath the stout man behind her blew. Inside her fragile skin the wind trembled, and whispered names.

She left her brown sack on the bus. It was somehow too heavy or useless or forgotten to bother with. She drifted up her block and the dreams swirled about her shoulders. Stopping for a moment, one hand grabbed

the wire fence surrounding a spindly tree, and a bird fluttered up. "I am very old tonight," she whispered after the bird. "It is good to remember when you were wanted, and when you were needed, and when you decided--whatever we decide. I didn't go with him and I wasn't sorry. Oh, I cried sometimes, but I got older and quit crying. Now Vic's gone--he's been gone for years--and I'm pretty much alone, and I'm very old tonight." A man ambled by and she was embarrassed. She drifted on.

The room was dark, but she didn't turn on the light. She unpinned the brown hat and let the coat fall away from her. Sitting on the bed, she unlaced her shoes and rolled off her stockings. Very tired. One by one the red buttons; the dress slid wrinkled to the floor. She lay back for just a moment. Her eyes fluttered shut, but she forced them open. "I had something to do--something more to remember." She frowned for a second at the browning ceiling and noticed a strange crack--shaped almost like a bird.



"But, you see..." In one great push she shoved herself up, and faced Jason standing, scowling on the stairs. But she sank back down. It somehow didn't matter about her answer, didn't matter what was forgotten. "'(What is a dead girl but a shadowy ghost...)' Yes." She nearly laughed, but sank, smiling, into a funnel of sunlight. She was swimming in the lemon-mellow air and smiling. Waving one brignt arm at Victor, at Jason, at a bird and back at Jimmy and at Mrs. Murphy upstairs. She was sucked, twirling into the melon-sweet sun--she was laughing--softly at Mrs. Murphy in the morning clicking her tongue and being sorry. Laughing for the grey, little room and her brown hat with the pin still in the crown. Laughing for the sorrow and the forgetfulness. For scowling Jason. For the crack in the ceiling. Laughing gaily as she danced down the funnel into the honeyed sun.

Hence

KATHRYN KENYON

The morning fields are hot
With the days that I knot
On this string, while I sit and remember.
Each loop is a harebell
Blowing beside our well.
We dropped the petals and the waters blurred.
Yet running my thumb on the string,
I feel pressed with day; I wither away from spring.

Underside

MICHELLE LUNDBORG

Summer in that town slipped out from beneath the rock of winter slowly and with great difficulty. It would linger there, loose in the air of those three months, only to be pressed down once again by the debris of autumn, its leaves and scents and torn things. The autumn days that were to come would seem to be with child, fat, swollen, highly colored with some expectation. But these days, now, the summer days were vague and strangely repetitive, with scratched-on colors, smelling of some end, of some death.

For her, the summer was to be endured. It was the water between the broken bridge of school and school, of order and regularity, of purpose and routine. The summer was hot, with brief ineffectual rainstorms that brought dampness, not relief. The sun was white and hot each day, steadily and intently, until, according to its alloted time, it disappeared in the west, so suddenly as to forget to color the mountains. And without warning it would be night, black and buggy and heavy. The night enclosed objects, settled; and then, as suddenly as it had come, slipped away into the hot dawn. Paula sensed this haste. Night and day, undersides of one another, in the good months and in the good times melt into one another with color, and stilled motion and some peace. But these dawns and dusks of this summer were hasty and tight, as if each felt the terrible need to become the other.

Paula floated with the summer, waiting. The blind contrasts of that summer season were within her. At times, hot, white, lucid, like the over-bright summer day, she would astound herself with the plans she had completed——the blouses ironed, the errands run, the phone calls made. And then the dark, fruggy night would come, with no radiance and no sleep; a strange, terrible kind of restlessness, wordless, inexplicable. It was as if she stood alone, on the rim of a large glass bowl, frightened to jump into its depth, yet unable to turn away, to slide down its side to safety. She was forced to balance herself on this thin glass rim, longing for some end to the suspension, but unable to effect it, even while knowing that this precarious balance was more terrible than the leap down or the slide back. The dusk, the dawn, the rim of the glass.

She hated being alone. She wanted to call her mother, to say "I'm coming home to live. We'll play Scrabble like you like to, and eat ice cream and I'll work and we'll watch TV. Then I won't worry any more about what to do, and my days will be filled and I'll be happy being at home where I'm sure . . ." Paula never did this. She did not know why. She would call her friends, and tire in the midst of the conversation. She was frightened of their questions about Jerry, the boy she had never accepted because she couldn't, because of his demands, his expectations.

Most often, she would go to the museum, to the anonimity of prehistoric times. But she would walk down the aisles, feeling some fascination with the beast there, hoping that something would happen, that would let her go home, or live with herself.

When she saw him, the stranger, for the first time in the museum that day, it was as if she had always known him. His appearance did not startle her. Surrounded by enormous reconstructions of skeletal monsters,

the odor not primeval, but chalked and nutty, the room was at once unreal familiar. Children shrieked and smudged panes that enclosed an ancient wolf-animal, baring teeth dripping ferocious glue, lunging at a painted mural of a boar, rolling eyes at pink and fuchsia lightning. But somehow, aged, relentless spirits, and memories of a swamp world tasting of blood melted and merged with the Coca-Cola machine, transistor radios and crackerjack.

And so with reality and never conceptualized terrors herded into that room, she was not startled to see him, tall as the shin of the dredged-up monster. Four feet high. His legs were little of that height. His chest and his head dominated his frame, too large for him. His hair was non-descriptively black, not black, dark; his eyes lost in some shadow. His movements were vague, ill-defined. He was ugly. Somehow, back, down somewhere, she had seen this dwarf, known him. Where? Neither really approaching the other, they somehow met and touched in the next room. They stood before a papier-mache aquatic beast, shedding drops of plaster having just now emerged from deep beneath that plaster impenetrable sea.

She had lost her glasses earlier that morning stupidly and carelessly. She had been only tolerating the blurred impression of the beasts, and the colors and this sudden inability to read the plaque below the window identifying the beast, and his age, and his usual victims, irritated her terribly.

"I wonder if you would mind reading that plaque to me," she said to him, "like an idiot I've lost my glasses and don't know this animal."

"Why bother with the plaque," he said. "That's not a beast. It's glue and chicken wire. So you see it, you say look at the glue and chicken wire that's supposed to be an animal. You read that description and you're tricked. You leave thinking you've seen a beast." He shrugged his shoulders.

They moved to a free standing replica of a mammoth. "Go ahead and touch it," he said. He took her hand and tried to guide it to touch the beast. She pulled away. "Oh God no really I couldn't stand to touch it. Those bones and that fur, no . . ." He saw that her fright was genuine, not an attempt at coyness. She felt foolish, but could not touch the mass; she felt nausea come from her stomach to her mouth as she saw the claws, and the teeth. She turned away. He followed.

No words happened, no sounds, as they moved together across the huge floor of the museum, she peering at the strange, unfamiliar forms, trying to read the names, he almost as if at home with the skeletons of his ancestors, moved clumsily, not ever really looking or examining, but knowing somehow. When he lifted his arm to take her hand, later, in the elevator, her hand relaxed in his; without ever conceptualizing it, she had known wordlessly, that he would take her hand, that she would go with him, go some distance. She was only momentarily frightened of him. There was a sense of the familiar about him, someone, something she had forgotten but had to remember.

Outside the sun buttered the mountains, and the sticky afternoon imbedded itself in her hair and eyes. Vaguely she wished for evening, for some greyness, for some lull of a hot, bright summer.

He lived in an older part of the city. The ghosts of twenty-five years of living stalked the streets. Occasionally a new car would flash through the streets, and one would be reminded that it was this year, and not that year. But without the newest cars, that area of the city was not

marked by time, except by the seasons. And days were always busy, foliaged, voiced by random shouts and calls. Nights were always long, still except for the occasional clap of one loose manhole cover, and black. So many trees seemed to blot out the stars. Dawn and dusk were indistinguishable, the same greyness, and the same urgency in the air, the same nagging expectation that dawn was the side of night that would be day; that dusk was day's over-the-shoulder glance, eager to turn in on itself, and become its opposite.

His house was well set back from the street and its sounds and light by heavy shrubbery, and rocks collected from mines in the mountains. When she saw the isolation of the house, she grew frightened again. She tried to pull away from the clasp of his hand. "Look, uh, oh really, please please I don't know what I'm doing I don't know you. Let me go. Please. I'm so afraid . . ." She started to run back into the white light of the street. He only stood, looking at her. She stopped in confusion. She wiped the perspiration from her upper lip. He was ugly, but not terrible. At home, if she went there now, the same fear, the same constriction in her chest would come when she would make the tea, and see that the day was nearly gone, that the light was a vicious grey, with no interlude of color, or quiet, or peace. Because she could not go home to this, because there was no one there, because she was swollen with the summer and knew that the burst into something new, something better, into some meaning, must come, because he looked so familiar in his ugliness, she walked toward him, and with him into the house.

Its exterior was weathered, beaten; the interior, timeless, dateless. Paula, without her glasses, could only sense the space of the house; its undisturbed coolness, with high arched ceilings. Still they did not speak. He loosed her hand, and walked off into another room. She sat down, in an enormous chair, close to a bookcase. Squinting, she saw words and emblems she did not recognize, languages she did not understand. She got up and moved to the double glass doors that led to a leafed green area in the rear of the house.

She peered through the cloudy glass. It was late afternoon. The sun, washed out, pale, hovered at the tip of the mountains. Soon it would slip into greyness. It stood poised, colorless, preparing to make its leap. Paula pressed her head against the glass. Why doesn't something happen, she thought. Let the sun set or the glass break, or something die. She bit her clenched hand, hard. Something God something I can't bear this stasis, this suspension. Happen happen I don't care any more what it is please please.

Suddenly he was behind her. She moved and his head grazed her breast. They sat down together, on the floor, heads against the glassed door.

"Do you see this rock?" he said. She took it into her hand. "Once, maybe three million years ago, this rock was living wood." He smiled. "Once, maybe three million years ago, I was a piece of living wood. Oh, you are so serious."

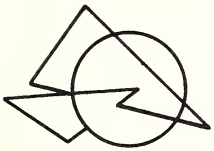
"I can't see very well," she said, "it's practically dark. I can't see without my glasses. Leave me alone." She pushed the rock back into his lap. "Today in the museum, I couldn't see anything. Only the colors, and those enormous forms of those old beasts. You know" she said, "I feel just like those monsters, in some glass cage, with some lights shining on me that are only hot, that give no illumination, no radiance."

"Paula," he said, "that monster in the museum this morning, that you wouldn't touch. Listen, I'm telling you it wasn't real--just glue, just cardboard. Little kids try to climb on them. Baby, I'm no monster either. Don't be afraid. Touch me and see. Touch me. It's being afraid that makes monsters out of papier mache. Baby, the monsters are in you. You got to know that."

He lay on the floor beneath the door. He pulled her down gently to his side. His strength startled her. He raised himself over her, and looked down into her face. Again, as before, she grew frightened. His head, above hers, was huge. She could barely see--only the outlines of his jaw, his forehead, his bright teeth. "No, no," she said, "I'm too afraid oh let me go, just let me be I don't care any more I'm too tired, too tired."

She flexed her muscles and pushed hard. She could not move him. But the warmth of his body stirred her. "The monsters're in you," he said, "not out here."

The sun was about to set. "OK then," she whispered, "OK then OK then." She relaxed. He loosed his grip, she lifted her arms to smooth his hair and, not to think but to respond, finally pressed him close to her. And the sun lost its poise, and slowly sank to meet the dark, making the mountains a crushing red, and the sky, one soft orange.



Haiku 1

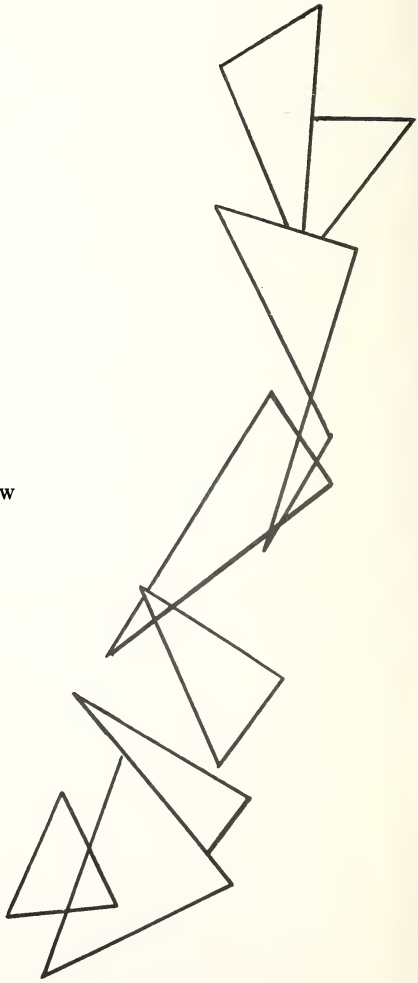
where the hill beckons
some bend to listen like wheat's
response to the wind

MARYANN RUSSO

On Once an Apple Night

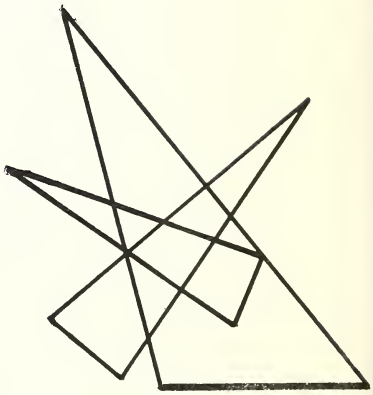
KATHRYN KENYON

At sunset in the summer
A hermit climbed the spiraled stairs
Up to his balcony to watch the day drop.
Right foot
Before
The left.
Back bent
He trudged.
Ah, light!
The shadows
On the wall
He circled
Higher up around the earth
Climbing the flight of stairs that were
Ascending, springing, flying, aspiring, a
Lone. And standing on his balcony he saw
The broken
Slivers, red
And faded
Black, a sun had
Dropped – to circle
Back with morning.



The hermit scratched
His beard and felt
He was alone.
Strange solitude fell on him.
He saw a lonely apple tree
Silhouetted on the parched illumined plain
Standing small among the sun soaked mirroring earth,
That, the summer of its cycle in the night.
The night was pitch tar
Black. The fragrance of
The apple tree reached
Closer pulling him
Like frozen scents with-
Out the shine of colour.
The mass of rosen bloom.
What kind are they, he thought.
Yet he alone knew not.
Are they green or red apples,
Yellow apples or star apples or
Perhaps crabapples? O, apples the symbol
Of a fall. Did man fall down the stairs at night?
The hermit groped. He was designed to be alone
And naked in the parching for more wet bites.
He turned around and licked his lips. No, they were
Dry, and he raised his gaze to starry Pegasus

Winged and shining steed. Bellerophon fell off
Him when he tried to ride the horse to heaven.
Woeful, the hermit lowered his eyes. The moon
Was out. Wondering, wonder
Around. And around again.
He fell in his redemption –
Surely a circle, too, a
Second bite – what else? or apples
Brown and rot. They fall and sink
In mire, buried in the night.
And it was black; he turned a
Second time. The stairs were steep.
The hermit tripped.
He shook his head.
He licked his lips.
His limbs convulsed.
He bent and turned his eyes up.
Alone. The swooping night
Swept down and covered him
At the foot of his spiraling stairs.
Ah, light!
The shadows
On the wall.
He circled
Down and slept.



This poem in tribute and appreciation of Kathryn to whom we wisn so much success and happiness.

Love Poem 1

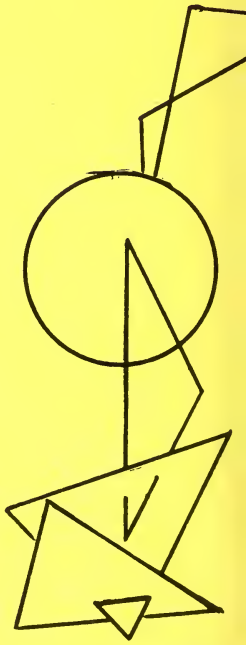
FRANCES FISHER

I hunger for the taste of you,
the touch of you,
the essence of you
haunts me across miles of seafoam
pregnant with coral:
through sand dunes of molten lava
shifting in a moonless patterned rhythm.
The taste of you lingers
kindling deep–seed thoughts ––
sweet wine of broken oranges,
split pomegranates,
and always the ashes of your eyes.
In honey–heavy autumn
I cry to the wind that carried you so far;
to the fabled moon eternally blind,
never heeding my tears;
to the sea that relentlessly rolls
over the flickering candles of pearl shells.
I hunger through the revolution of Pisces
to the dissolution of Aquarius––
water never slaking my thirst for the nectar of you.
And I go down
through the spiraling staircase of your inferno
to melt in the anguish
to fill my soul
with the ashes of you.

No More Silver Roses

KITTY BEDNAR

You came softly at first and I heard
the whisper of purple hyacinths unfold
their secrets to the falling mists where old
men steal from memory a fleeting word
of wind which, before our hills grew up, stirred
some sleeping sea. Yet April passed to gold
July and still my amber mood told
secrets to a moon whose full smile mirrored
mine. Then you no longer came quiet but
swept in with hot winds from a smouldering sea
and swelled the peace within me till I knew
no more of silver roses when you cut
the strand of dreams to let a love fly free;
and I forgot the moon in seeing you.



Cloudia

KATHLEEN RICHARDS

She glides a graceful schooner with the breeze;
Serene on men's horizon—near yet far,
A mystery of beauty and of peace,
Alone, aloof, and yet—a part of all.
In probing depths of wondrous whirling tides,
Her keel maintains her place atop the waves
As insight through deep-comprehending eyes
Puts proper place to life's unsettling plays.
Her spiring mast sky-reaching speaks a soul
Which sure, secure, unbending to the storm
Supports the yielding softness of her sail:
White peace, hope gliding on toward troubled shore
Where land-bound men gaze longingly to sea
With deep desire for her serenity.

The Peddler

LINDA CAGGIANO

In my town when I was a child I knew
A peddler with rain-bow cloth and brown jugs
And unbreakable rock-hard candy – two
For a penny. The same horse always lugged
His wagon round the streets, nudging a gray
Nose into small hands that laughed at the wet
Touch. And when my shadow grew a foot in day
Sun, I saw his eyes, crinkling and deep set
With laughter that grew to song in his voice
As he shuffled through dust-dappled streets
Singing to women on their steps of choice
Silk from the city. And now when light meets
The pale cupped moon, his cart rolls up and down
Streets of sun and I see child again and town.

Gold Again

LIL MILEWSKI

–I am a carved, dusky angel, cleaned and gold
Once under the lady's bowl of roses,
Blowing fits of heaven down from Moses,
My horn silent now, my wings cold.
They used to sit alone. This sound is old
Quiet like the times she went early to bed;
He followed without steps or turned head,
But with lifted eyes that sang gold.

–What's the day? What's the time? She's gone
And all the hours and years and lives are slack
lines sinking, slipping into black.
That old angel up there she bought one day
(I told her, yes, I'd look at it and pray).
My bed is stone tonight, I won't go on.

Haiku

GERI DE STEFANO

I

Ticking clock counting passing seconds
Life escapes under
A closed door.

II

A man walks towards me
I think he shall pass by
He stops, he is death.

III

A small boy sits under a tree
He smells the earth, listens to sounds
Blindness. . .

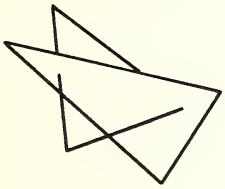
IV

A rose rests in the pale moonlight
Days pass, petals fall
I am afraid.

KATHY ANDREW

Simplicity

if genuinely found
Erupts --
lets surge in firework display
its vagrant and divergent ray --
Then calms to round.



The Bride

COLLETTE LA RUE

The last step spread white satin folds
Split into lace; and veiled away,
Trance eyed, she saw a ring of gold
That held the circling words they'd say.
But, in the pause, that golden gleam
Sent from a far sun flashing bay
The call of a forgotten dream.

Bottled Summer

MARGARET MC CLEAN

"Dandelion wine. The words were summer on the tongue. The wine was summer caught and stoppered." In his novel, *Dandelion Wine* (Bantam Books, 1964), Ray Bradbury has captured the soul of summer as wholly as the wine from which it takes its name. The descriptions he uses sing and breathe of summertime; his words feel summery as the mind speaks them and whispers them lovingly to the memory and the heart. This novel, the story of Douglas Spaulding's twelfth summer in 1928, easily intoxicates the reader with the joy and youth that has always meant summertime.

The author's chief ingredients in his bottling process are his descriptions of nature which portray a mood rather than describe a scene, and his use of the word "summer" to convey a feeling rather than a period of time. He uses the events, sounds, smells, and feelings of summer as the base for his *Dandelion Wine*.

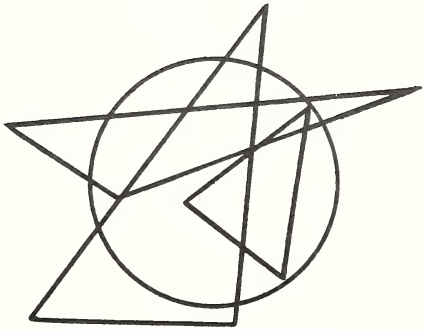
The first day of summer for Douglas has already been enriched by his discovery that he is alive. Now he feels even more keenly the ritualistic joy of the dandelion harvest as he and his ten-year-old brother Tom gather the "golden flowers...the dazzle and glitter of molten sun" (p.9) while Grandfather supervises. The dandelions are now taken to the cellar where "the wine press stood open, cold. A rush of flowers warmed it" (p.9), and the wine is made. Mr. Bradbury's description of the dandelions carries with it not so much a picture of the weeds as a feeling of warmth and dazzling yellowness that characterizes the summer months. This is seen in his choice of words such as "dazzle," "molten sun," flowers that "warmed." Later in the same scene, the author uses the word "summer" itself in describing the wine: "Hold summer in your hand, pour summer in a glass...change the season in your veins by raising glass to lip and tilting summer in"(p. 10). Thus by his description of the dandelions and his personification of the wine as "summer," Bradbury has captured the feeling of summertime.

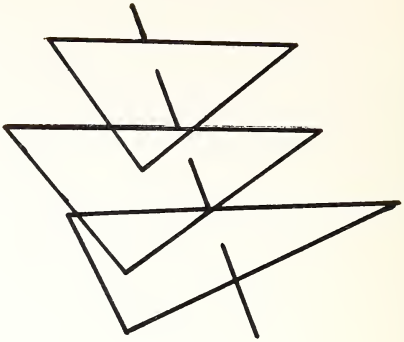
This feeling of summertime is tightly interwoven with summer smells and sounds. For Grandfather, one of the clearest signs of the arrival of summer is the sound of the lawnmower mingled with "the timeless scent of a new season begun" (p.34). Grandfather sees summer in the "cool soft fount" (p.34) of freshly cut grass, in the joys of gardening: "Gardening is the handiest excuse for being a philosopher. Nobody knows, but there you are, Plato in the peonies, Socrates force-growing his own hemlock" (p.36). He goes on to describe the sound of the lawnmower as "the most beautiful sound in the world, the freshest sound of the season, the sound of summer" (p.37). Again Bradbury has used a description of gardening to portray a feeling of summer newness. This is especially clear in a phrase like "scent of a new season." He also uses the word "summer" as being the only true description of lawnmower sound. "Summer" is not the time described but the feeling evoked when the sound is heard.

Summer sounds are usually filled with joy. Summer's lack of sound carries with it a fear and dread of the unknown which spells out terror.

There are two scenes in the book which take place in the jungle-like ravine that twists through the middle of town. In the second incident, Lavinia Nebbs is coming home from the show by herself around midnight. A local murderer of young women, the Lonely One, has been at work in town. Lavinia had found an earlier victim of his just a few hours before. Afraid of meeting him, and tense to every sound of the night, she approaches the ravine. "The ravine was deep, black and black, black! And the world was gone behind...Only the ravine existed and lived, black and huge, about her...For a change, all of the far summer-night meadows and close summer-night trees were suspending motion...Silence...which covered the earth like a white and shadowy sea" (p.133). Bradbury is using the description of the ravine to convey a feeling of fear. The author uses words like "black and huge," "suspending motion," "close ...trees," "shadowy sea" to give the reader a sense of terror and tension, of closing and pressing fear. Again "summer" is used to add to the feeling. The combination of "summer-night" with "far...meadows," "close...trees," and "silence" is not describing the time but rather the feeling of the time.

Feelings, moods, impressions: these are the flavor left in the mind and heart of the reader once he has tasted Bradbury's *Dandelion Wine*. The author has used descriptions of nature to leave an impression and the word "summer" to mean a feeling rather than a time, in this most clever brewing. He has captured the events, sounds, smells and feelings of summer in his book as wholly as if it were itself the dandelion wine. And like the wine, the remembrance the book brings of summertime is clean and unclouded: "Better than putting things in the attic you never use again. This way, you get to live the summer over for a minute or two here or there along the way through the winter, and when the bottles are empty the summer's gone for good and no regrets and no sentimental trash lying about for you to stumble over forty years from now. Clean, smokeless, efficient, that's dandelion wine" (p.182).





Return

Green–gazing eyes
touched mine again
when you came back
this time.

Words spilled out
tomorrow's day dreams
failing from the lack
of any answer.

Funny, how it seems
we've changed and
yet aren't changed
at all.

I think now past
our last meeting
wondering how

could I have been
a vagabond to go beyond
fleeing on the wind?

LINDA WILLIAMS

Storm Wind: A Villanelle

SISTER ANN TERRENCE, CSJ

Come. Yes come! Echoes touch a shadowed plain.
Forgotten gods beneath the prairie groan;
Comes the storm wind—and the rain.

Wild the wayward wind through twisted trees of pain,
Wild the heart which stands this ground alone.
Come. Yes come! Echoes touch a shadowed plain.

Hold the wayward wind—hold in vain!
I move across the prairie, fate unknown.
Comes the storm wind—and the rain.

Cold the chilling fingers through the troubled mane;
Cold the winter through the grasses blown.
Come. Yes come! Echoes touch a shadowed plain.

Touch the wayward wind—the scars remain;
Pity now the harvest day, its seeds unsown.
Comes the storm wind—and the rain.

Wild the wayward wind that mocks my pain;
Beneath its singing strength, escapes the moan:
Come. Yes come! Echoes touch a shadowed plain...
Comes the storm wind—and the rain.

Black Cloud, the Witch

COLLETTE LA RUE

Deep down the black tunnels of the extinct volcano, in caves formed by gigantic bubbles of lava that had cooled and set like black cement, lived the witches. Black Cloud's cave was lonely, for she liked to count countless black boulders, and unmapped caverns between her home and the next.

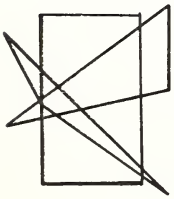
The day before Hallowe'en, Black Cloud patched her broomstick with clean straw, thinking, "Won't I be glad to get out! Hallowe'en is the only time of year I have fun. The rest of the year I concoct evil spells—and eat."

She sighed, thinking how fat she was. Witches should be thin, with rough hooked noses, small bitter eyes, and skinny claws. Black Cloud spread her pudgy fingers, and sighed again. Then she walked over to her bubbling cauldron.

She got particular pleasure out of this brew: It enchanted *her*. She used it on Hallowe'en, because it made her especially bold, cruel, sneaky, and a wonderful broomstick rider.

Black Cloud had invented this spell herself, and kept it to herself. She caused the other witches screaming fits of jealousy, for they could only be as bold and wicked on Hallowe'en as they happened to be. They couldn't understand how a puffy cloud of a witch could be so fearsome on Hallowe'en.

But as she stirred in flies' wings, to make her sneaky, Black Cloud began to dream about a spell that would make her thin. While picturing herself spare and domineering, she sprinkled in chopped bat whiskers instead of spider legs.



Immediately the potion hissed. Bat whiskers have a good influence. They make you kind, good, and happy, even if you are a witch, who has no reason to be happy.

But Black Cloud, accustomed to turbulence in her spells, went on stirring in flea blood to make her a wonderful rider, and mushroom juice to make it tasty. When she was through, she still hadn't invented the spell for taking off weight, but she went to bed satisfied with her day's work.

On Hallowe'en day Black Cloud was up early, gloating over the potion. She pulled her long Hallowe'en dress out of a chest and shook out the spiders. She stepped into it, put her arms in the sleeves, and reached behind to button it. There was a four inch gap between the buttons and the holes.

Black Cloud was used to this. She put on her everyday dress, got her sewing box, and let out the seams.

Every now and then she ambled over to the cauldron to stir the brew. It sent up a rich odor.

She shined the gold buckle on her tall hat until she could see her face in it. Her pleasure at the repulsiveness of her reflection counteracted her impatience with its fatness, and she felt as nearly happy as a witch can.

She spent the rest of the day brushing her cat and plotting her course for the night.

"First," she thought, "I'll win the race across the moon. My broomstick is almost always the fastest." She cackled, knowing how she would terrify anyone who saw her sinister shape gliding...gliding across the moon. Then, she would...but everyone knows all he wants to know about the revels of witches on Hallowe'en.

At last she heard the other witches bickering as they rode to the top of the volcano. Black Cloud drank her potion, appreciating its flavor. Then she called to her cat, "Up on the broomstick, Thunder."

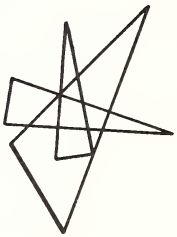
The cat leapt up, and she ponderously seated herself in front of him. "Giddap," she said, and off they went.

They rode to the top of the volcano. None of the other witches, lined up, waiting for that thrilling race to the moon, turned to look as she took her place. All the witches sat motionless on their broomsticks, staring at the last red streak in the sky. When it vanished, they would fly. All the black cats sat behind their mistresses, staring at one another.

Suddenly the moon was the only light in the sky, and the broomsticks flew madly away.

But Black Cloud's broomstick, after its first frantic lunge, was going down instead of up. Black Cloud knew why at once. Her broomstick just couldn't carry her high. She was too heavy.

As she looked angrily at the fleeing witches, the bat whiskers began to work. A feeling of happiness stole over her, and she said to her cat, "This might not be so bad. Flying low, I can *see* how I terrify people."



She gave her broomstick a slap, and with exaggerated effort, it moved off. It stayed twenty feet from the ground.

Floating along, looking at the moon, and wondering how soon the first witch would cross it, she drifted into town.

Looking down, she saw a ghost and a skeleton walking together. She started, surprised.

"I haven't talked to a ghost or a skeleton in years," she said, slapping her broomstick to make it go faster, and jerking to make it go down.

"That's four," Ghost was saying. (Four people he's scared tonight, thought the witch.)

"I'm going to eat a Tootsie Roll," muttered Skeleton. (Black Cloud decided she had misunderstood that remark, but Skeleton took something out of a bag and apparently stuck it in his mouth.)

Ghost and Skeleton turned into a brick-walled yard, and the witch on her broomstick sailed right behind, practicing a horrible face to help them scare number five.

Ghost rang the bell. A moment later the door opened. "Trick or

treat," cried Ghost and Skeleton. (The witch paid no attention to this spell.) But the housewife in the doorway didn't jump and scream.

"What a clever costume," she commented to the shocked witch. "Where's your bag?" She pressed a red lollypop into Black Cloud's hand.

Ghost and Skeleton turned and looked at her. They didn't notice that her feet were a little off the ground, and so, the broomstick she sat on was hanging in the air.

"I didn't know she was with us, did you, Jenny?" remarked Skeleton.

"Who are you?" asked Ghost.

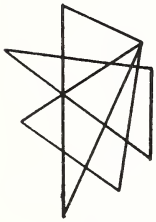
"I am Black Cloud, the Witch. Why didn't you scare her?" she reprimanded.

"Scare her," echoed Skeleton, "Why? She gave us candy. And if she didn't, we still wouldn't scare her. Hallowe'en isn't a time to scare people. It's a time for getting as much free candy as you can." Skeleton and Ghost ran off.

Black Cloud looked after them, thunderstruck. She muttered,

"Hallowe'en's not a time for scaring people! Hallowe'en's a night for getting free candy—I'll show 'em! They'll see what a real Hallowe'en is." She whacked her broomstick so wrathfully that her jolted cat yelped as they lurched away.

The bat whiskers were doing their best to make her good, kind, and happy, but it wasn't easy. Her witch nature would have been strengthened by the spider legs, but it fought the bat whiskers.



A group of "things" came around the corner, laughing. There was a clown ambling beside a jingling gypsy, a lady in lace, and a big black cat, walking on its hind legs, and stumbling over its tail. Plotting, the witch trailed them.

She floated after them up to a house, and stared—delighted. These people knew what Hallowe'en was. Along the dark porch were jack-o'-lanterns, whose chilling expressions twisted and grimaced at the flickering of the candles inside them. Bats and an owl, hanging from the beams, didn't look stuffed, to Black Cloud. She followed the subdued group to the door where a sign suggested that you,

SCREAM!!!
If You Want In

The clown, the gypsy, the lady and the cat, who held his tail in his paw for an unhampered escape, screamed politely, "Eeeee." But there was nothing polite in the way the witch screeched. The shocked group eyed her reproachfully, but said nothing, for the door was opening.

After some hesitation, and clutching of each other's hands, they crept into a dark hallway. The witch followed, looking about her interestedly, and the door creaked shut, making everybody grab everybody else again.

In a minute they dimly saw what the witch had seen all the time. Many other things were sitting around a cauldron, looking at them.

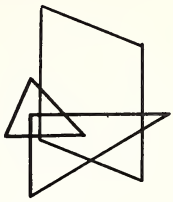
"Come in!" boomed a dreadful voice, "and join us." The witch leaned her broomstick against the wall and set her cat beside it. Then she hobbled over to join the circle.

"Now we're all here," gloated a thin voice that reminded the witch of a bat's voice. She was sure all this was leading up to something stupendous.

"Everyone line up to bob for apples." The witch found herself fourth in line.

"There's a prize in one of the apples. The one who finds it, keeps it."

The first two simply bit apples and pulled them out of the mass in the water. Black Cloud was getting angry. These people were nothing but hypocrites.



The clown was in front of her, bending timidly over the kettle. Black Cloud's push landed him head-first among the apples, splashing everything.

But the witch, stamping out, heard the clown rejoicing,

"I got the apple with the prize! It must have been so heavy it sunk the apple, because I caught it at the bottom of the kettle!"

Out in the street, the witch saw a small boy in a red cowboy hat coming toward her. The bat whiskers gave a surge of influence, and it occurred to Black Cloud that he was a darling little boy.

"Looks easy to scare," thought the witch to herself.

Black Cloud disregarded her potion and prepared. She took a deep breath and shut her eyes, anticipating a scurrying of little boots, and a terrified wail. She edged behind a tree.

"Eeeeeeeeeeheeeeheeooooo," she shrieked, and pounced out, her peaked hat towering, her dress flapping. The cowboy squealed, threw his arms up, and the next thing Black Cloud knew, he had run right into her arms. He clung to her sobbing,

"I want my mother." Black Cloud wished she had gone home when she found her broomstick couldn't carry her high. She couldn't make her-self scare him again. Searching her mind for something to keep him from grabbing her again, she encountered the kindly bat whiskers.

"How would you like to take a ride 'way up in the sky?" She pointed up, and noticed the red lollypop in her hand, "And eat this on the way?"

The witch lifted the little boy up in front of her. He chuckled and shouted, "Giddup," and kicked his booted heels.

She ordered, "Take him home." The cowboy bounced and chirruped as the broomstick ascended. It rose with quite an effort, and only soared a few feet above the housetops. The cowboy leaned back against Black Cloud, and sucked his lollypop, until the broomstick lowered in front of a little house. As she lifted him off, the cowboy threw his arms around the witch's neck, and gave her a cherry smelling kiss.

Turning her broomstick back toward the volcano, Black Cloud moan-ed,

"How could I have done such things? I'm no good any more." The wind blew coldly. Her cat crept against her for warmth. As she rode down the dark streets, past silent houses, she started humming an old incantation, enjoying its minor melody. She felt light-hearted reflecting that she loved Hallowe'en, and she had had more fun than ever before, this time. . .

Black Cloud gasped, shocked. What was she thinking! She said sternly, "I failed in every way, tonight. I couldn't even scare a little boy."

But secretly she was thinking, I like to see people looking happy, not scared, and to have them talk to me, instead of screaming . . . and

it's fun to ride a broomstick with a companion.

When Black Cloud woke up the next morning, the spell had worn off. She went to the fire pit to clean the pot. She stared at the chilled, greasy brew. Clots of bat whiskers floated on the surface. She stirred with a stick, but not one spider leg could she see.

"Why, I drank a potion to make me happy--kind--good," she cried, "and nothing to help me be cruel."

She stood by the cauldron, remembering that strange Hallowe'en. In a way, she hadn't been responsible for the good things that happened. She had been overpowered by the spell. She felt much better. After all, you couldn't say that she had done good deeds on Hallowe'en.

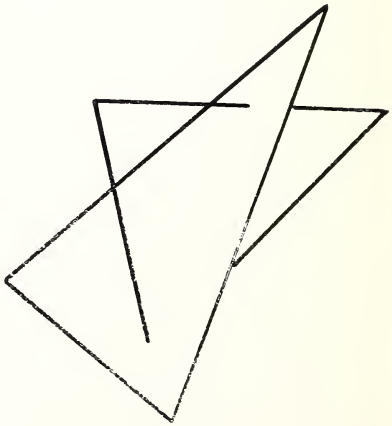
She began to scour out the cauldron.

"A witch is a witch, and must remain a witch," she muttered. Then she smiled slyly.

"But no one will be the wiser if I throw in a few bat whiskers again next Hallowe'en."

Halloween

What
witches
whine
in winds
whistling
at my window?



SISTER ANN TERRENCE, CSJ

Cutting the Strings

My parents are just too parental
And want to keep me young and gentle;
They make me stay home and won't let me roam
And this causes me problems mental.

WINNIE ARVIN

Another Triolet

A wind-dappled tree one day
    Dropped d'apple
I'd been waiting for t'fall dat way
From a wind-dappled tree one day.
Guess I needn't say
    It doesn't mean d' apple's dapple
Doh a wind-dappled tree one day
    Dropped d'apple.

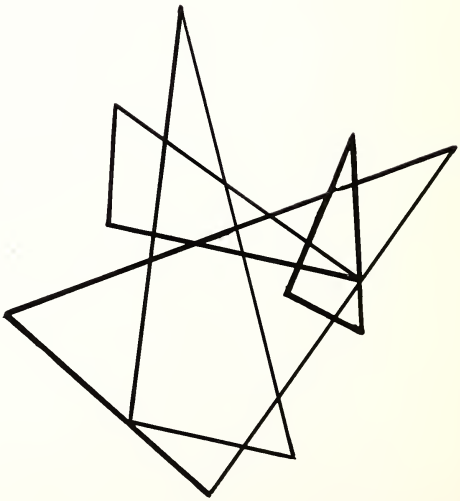
KATHY ANDREW

Meeting Place

Breeze loosens brown of hair
and tangles wheat rhythm
wild. Heat summers the
blue of sky cloudless over
insect songs in tall bladed green.

You and I people the place until
orange bursts the horizon. Then, full
with moon, our hearts part. Only when
love winters away shall the breeze
blow barren through the chordless trees.

MARYANN RUSSO



Love Colors

LINDA WILLIAMS

With you I am
no longer seeing
cool and blue.

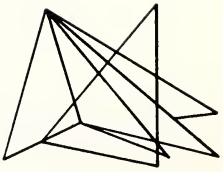
The pictures
behind my eyes
go warm
grow warmer
oranging out
of pink and
red and into
touch.

So much,
I never knew.

Corner

CAROLE ALONZO

i would like
a portable
corner
that i could
(when tired of
undreaming)
unfold and
sit
in it (alone)
and contemplate
on the green
of grass
the why
of because
and break Bread
with Cheese



AWARDS

LITERARY PRIZES – SPRING 1966

ATLANTIC NATIONAL
COLLEGE CONTEST
IN CREATIVE WRITING

LINDA CAGGIANO
Honorable Mention
(in top twenty)
Story: *"The Sun Hawks"*

KATHLEEN HAVERICK
Honorable Mention
Story: *"In the Cold Outside"*

JULIE BUSWELL
Merit Paper
Essay: *"Eudora Welty's Golden Apples: A Dual Focus"*

FRANCES FISHER
Honorable Mention
Poem: *"Manhattan Wharf in Autumn"*

CATHERINE BEDNAR
Merit Paper
Poem: *"A Canticle"*

KAPPA GAMMA PI
NATIONAL
SHORT STORY

KATHLEEN HAVERICK
First Prize
"The Other Night"

CABRINI
LITERARY
GUILD

KATHLEEN HAVERICK
First Prize $200
Story: *"In the Cold Outside"*

EILEEN GIBBS
Third Prize $50
Story: *"The Razor"*

KATHLEEN HAVERICK
Honorable Mention
Story: *"No Ashes – No Dust"*

COLETTE LA RUE
Honorable Mention
Story: *"Black Cloud, the Witch"*

MICHELLE LUNDBORG
First Prize $200
Article: *"The Fault will be in the Music, Cousin"*

DIANE DE ANDA
Honorable Mention
Poem: *"A Green Wind"*

MARY ROLFER
Honorable Mention
Poem: *"Margaret Ruth Mary Agnes"*

SISTER MARY LOUISE, D.M.J.
Honorable Mention
Poem: *"Portrait in Death"*

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